

The Tribune
 Established 1888
 CHARLES H. NOLAN
 Publisher

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 440-2101; Toronto phone 341-1488. Single copies 20c; subscriptions \$8.00 per year in Canada, \$14.95 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 6886.

The Tribune is one of the Island Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

DON BERNARD, Editor
 BARRÉ BEACOCK, Advertising Manager

Editorials

Police budget bounces again

There is an old newspaper cliché about an issue that is batted back and forth and not resolved. It is called a "political football". That appears to be what has happened with the 1975 budget for York Regional Police.

The police commission submitted a budget that was almost \$2 million above the 1974 budget. That was rejected by regional council and the police commission was told to trim \$500,000.

The commission, on the urging of Chief Bruce Crawford, trimmed about \$100,000 and sent it back to the region. The region, at its meeting on April 24 rejected the police budget and suggested cuts of \$250,000.

The total budget is in the neighborhood of

\$7 million. It is a classic case of one body trying to pressure another. In this case the police commission has shown itself to be somewhat arrogant.

Police services and costs in the region have increased considerably, but everywhere you look there are yellow cruisers parked at road sides with radar waiting to bag car drivers.

In the past four years, the regional police have become visible enough. It should not cripple the force to postpone hiring 18 new policemen. That would achieve the needed cut for this year.

Taxes are going up in York Region, but hopefully being over-policed is not going to push them up even further.

Extra meeting unnecessary

A novel experiment was tried at a recent council meeting. A 15-minute open question period took place at the conclusion of the meeting. The angry confrontation which resulted makes us wonder whether such a thing is worth it.

Democracy is a precious thing. The right of the public to take part in the political process is a cherished part of our heritage. But it can be taken too far.

Councils are elected to make decisions. It is incumbent upon council to delve into any given problem and find a solution. However, chaos would result if rules do not regulate public input into the political process.

As far as Whitchurch - Stouffville Council is concerned, the public has ample opportunity to take part in the proceedings. The number of public meetings in the past few years means that residents have had their say.

Anyone wishing to speak can get on the agenda. If a person comes unannounced and wishes to speak on something that is on the

agenda, council is usually willing to let that person be heard.

This 15 minute experiment should end. It is unnecessary and could bring all sorts of people who have nothing to contribute, but still wish to be heard, on any and every subject.

Democracy is served well enough by the present set-up.

Centennial project requires thought

Everybody appears to have an idea for a centennial project. Two major suggestions have surfaced so far at the council level.

A new library has been considered and the proposed recreation complex is another suggestion. At a recent council meeting Councillor Cathy Joice wanted council to take on the complex as the "official" centennial project.

But let's stop for a moment and consider centennial - realistically. The best way to approach the problem is to establish a committee to study possible "realistic" centennial projects.

A list of possible ones could be drawn up and then after consideration of cost and other factors, a sound decision could be made.

The centennial should be memorable, but let's not go overboard with large projects, that are beyond the means of the local taxpayers and community groups to pay for.

Public shouldn't pay for fire calls

This is the grass fire time, and inevitably, every year, foolish people start fires to burn garbage or dried leaves and end up starting a whole field on fire.

As long as the tall grass is dry and brown, it is a potential fire hazard. Fire Chief Walt Smith advises people not to burn anything during the next two weeks.

It is strange that people are warned every year about the hazards. There is no excuse, but many people do not consider the consequences before setting fires.

Hopefully, the town charges back the fire costs to the people involved. The taxpayers of Whitchurch - Stouffville should not have to foot the bill for a small number of people who insist on being foolhardy in the face of numerous warnings.

Thirty years ago this week

Victory ours!

Today the United Nations, Partners in Freedom, have triumphed over the beast of Berlin and all his Nazi tyrants. Let us join in Joyous Thanksgiving, praising God, that through His Wisdom, Justice and Freedom have prevailed.

Freedom, that precious Heritage, purchased at tremendous cost in sacrifice, toil and sweat, has risen from the ashes of world-wide Ruin and Slavery. God grant us Courage, Determination and Unselfish Leadership, so that in the days to come Peace and Brotherhood will reign throughout the World.

Thanks be to God which Giveth us the Victory

To the families from Stouffville and district who have paid the supreme sacrifice, every heart goes out in sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and to all who have served, we owe a great debt of gratitude.

The community and district of Stouffville has played a proud part in this war in its contribution of men, materials, and money, all of which shall not have been in vain if only

Peace Shall Reign for Evermore



SUGAR AND SPICE

'Progress' has Bill upset

By BILL SMILEY



One of the things about modern society that bothers me is mouthy minorities attempting to impose their wishes on silent majorities.

Another is the attempt by those who profess a profound belief in a vague concept called "progress" to find the common denominator in everything, and try to shove the rest of us in that direction.

Sometimes I have a nightmare about the future. In it, I see the entire earth populated by beings, no longer humans, who look alike, talk alike, think alike, and even smell alike.

Everyone will be a sort of creamy yellow brown in complexion. We'll all be the same height and weight. All individual anomalies such as hooked noses, buck teeth and jutting ears will have been eliminated.

I wake up from this dream screaming, at the point where I am just about to be told that we are all of the same sex.

In the dream, everyone will speak the same language, some type of bastard speech like Esperanto. Literature will be extinct, except for a few scholars studying its fossilized remnants. Shades of meaning will be lost. "I love you," "Je t'adore," and "Eu te amo," will all come out as "Yochoamo" or something of the sort.

In the dream, there are no decisions to be made, because there will no longer be any difference between right and wrong, black and white, good and evil. Television will tell us what to think, painlessly, and why.

We will all smell alike — a subtle essence

with traces of Chinese elm, Russian borscht, Congo musk and American b.s.

We will all arise when the universal siren sounds. In unison, at the appointed moment, we will take our breakfast pill, our pep pill to get us going, our tranquilizer to slow us down for our lunch pill, another pep pill, a dinner pill, and at 2245 hours, we will simultaneously swallow our sleeping pills and become unconscious for six hours and forty-eight seconds.

But each evening, before retiring, we will have our universal culture and recreation period. Something like counting our toes.

It's only a nightmare, but each year that I live, the picture seems closer and clearer. One of these days I'm afraid I won't wake up.

Two of the most recent steps by mouthy minorities and the people who cherish common denominators are the attempts at the forced application of Celsius temperatures and the metric system.

Did anyone ask you if you wanted to switch from Fahrenheit to Celsius? No. Did anyone ask me? No. Did anyone ask either of us if we wanted to "think metric"? Same answer.

I am used to attempts to brainwash me by politicians, newspapers, experts, and my wife. That is what they are for, and at least I can fight back.

But I deeply resent simply being told by some Ottawa ostriches and their stooges in the media that I must, willy-nilly, switch to Celsius thermometer and metric weights and measures.

I am a reasonable man. I hope. If someone convinces me that something is for the common good, even though it inconveniences me, I'll go along with it.

Example: at this very moment, the government is removing money from me, who has never been unemployed, and giving it to some lazy bum who wants not to work. This is known as unemployment insurance. In the same way I am helping subsidize other people's food, medical care, housing. Not a word of complaint.

But what gets me is the arrogant attitude that typifies those who espouse Celsius and metric. They do not present one valid (to me) reason for the changes. They say vaguely that everyone else is doing it.

So what? If the latest fad is joining the Flat Earth Society, must I become a member? If everyone else is picking his nose in public, does that mean that I should, too?

Metric maniacs insist that metric is more accurate. More accurate than what? Is it a thousandth of a centimeter more accurate than a thousandth of an inch? Of course not. It is merely shorter. Or longer. I'm not sure which, and I don't give a diddle.

Canadians, with their wild extremes of climate and vast expanse of geography, should battle this so-called "progress" with every ounce of their strength. Yes, the word was "ounce". Do you realize that will soon be a dirty word, if the metric marauders have their way?

ALONG MAIN STREET

Washout at the washtubs

BY SHEILA McLEOD

If anything is guaranteed to deactivate my gyrator and send me into an early spin cycle it's that inane laundry ad that's been appearing on TV lately.

You know the one... This man is shrugging into his newly-washed shirt; his wife stands by, anxiously clutching her automatic. "Will he or won't he," she wonders, "notice I've done my wash with 'blankety-blank'?"

Hubby, of course, notices at first touch and sniff. He is, in fact, stunned (but not into speechlessness) by the unutterable sweetness and softness of his garment.

The shirt, we are led to believe, had

previously been so impregnated with oil, tar and ground-in dirt that it was about to be nationalized by the Ministry of Natural Resources.

Suffering soapsuds! I wonder what would happen to that wife's morale if her husband, like mine, invariably gave his freshly-laundered shirt the once-over and asked, "Did you say you washed this?"

For years I've squeezed, buffeted and done my darndest to dislodge dirt from clothes with everything from detergent to dynamite.

Never once has my weekly wash evoked an ecstatic comment from family, friends or neighbours.

My mother would have been most disappointed in my dismal performance. Like most of her contemporaries in our Scottish hometown, she took great pride in turning out a sparkling lineup of clothes and in seeing them snap to crisp revue out on the back green.

Mind you, it took more than swishing in "blankety-blank" to make the laundry pass muster in these days.

It meant rising at five in the morning (always on Monday) and kindling a fire under a massive urn in the wash-house behind our home. The clothes were boiled and tamped with soap and soda, rinsed in tubs hand-cranked through a monstrous mangle then pegged and propped outside to dry.

It was an all-day job.

Many a wet washday, everything had to be brought inside and draped from pulleys attached to the kitchen ceiling. Then we'd sit down to dinner while drips from heavy combinations drummed the oilcloth, trickled down our backs and diluted the scotch broth.

It's incongruous really: here I am, with a long lineage of efficient washerwomen in my background and a long laundry line in my backyard, burdened with this inferior-wash complex. I hang the whites out at dusk, when the light best conceals the tell-tale grey, and whisk them back in at dawn.

I've noticed, though, that fewer housewives are willing to put anything on the line anymore.

They bundle the wash into spin-dryers down in the basement then quickly hustle it into drawers without ever giving it a public airing. They sneak it in and out of the Stouffville laundromats in dark, plastic garbage bags.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not mourning the passing of the great outdoor wash; give me the quickie spin-dry cycle every time.

I'm deploring the intrusion of that suddy, supercilious housewife on TV who insists on comparing her washing with mine.

Stray Kleenex, it seems never disintegrate in her machine; she wouldn't be caught dead plucking lint off the woolies with tweezers; she never washes jeans with hockey cards chewing-gum and half a "Big Mac" still in the pockets; she never shrinks sweaters down to Barbie-doll proportions.

Last week I became so upset when my newly-washed towels stacked up like grade 3 sandpaper against the puffed-up terries on TV, I marched right out and bought some of that "blankety-blank" I was telling you about — the brand that made the man's shirt feel like gossamer and smell like the Avon lady.

As a trial run, I gave my husband's pyjamas a special wash treatment.

I pegged them out on the line to billow in the breeze. I gathered them in and, without desecrating their fluffy freshness with an iron, piled them on his pillow like paisley-patterned meringue.

Early next morning, he suddenly sat up in bed. I felt sure the p.j.s and I were in for a belated round of applause.

"There's something different about these pyjamas," he started off.

I lay back, eyes closed, ready to savour the moment of praise.

"Usually, when you wash them," he went on, "they feel like grade 3 sandpaper. This time it feels like I'm lying on a bag of tent pegs."

My eyes snapped open. Stealthily, I unclipped the clothes pins still fastened to the back of his jacket.

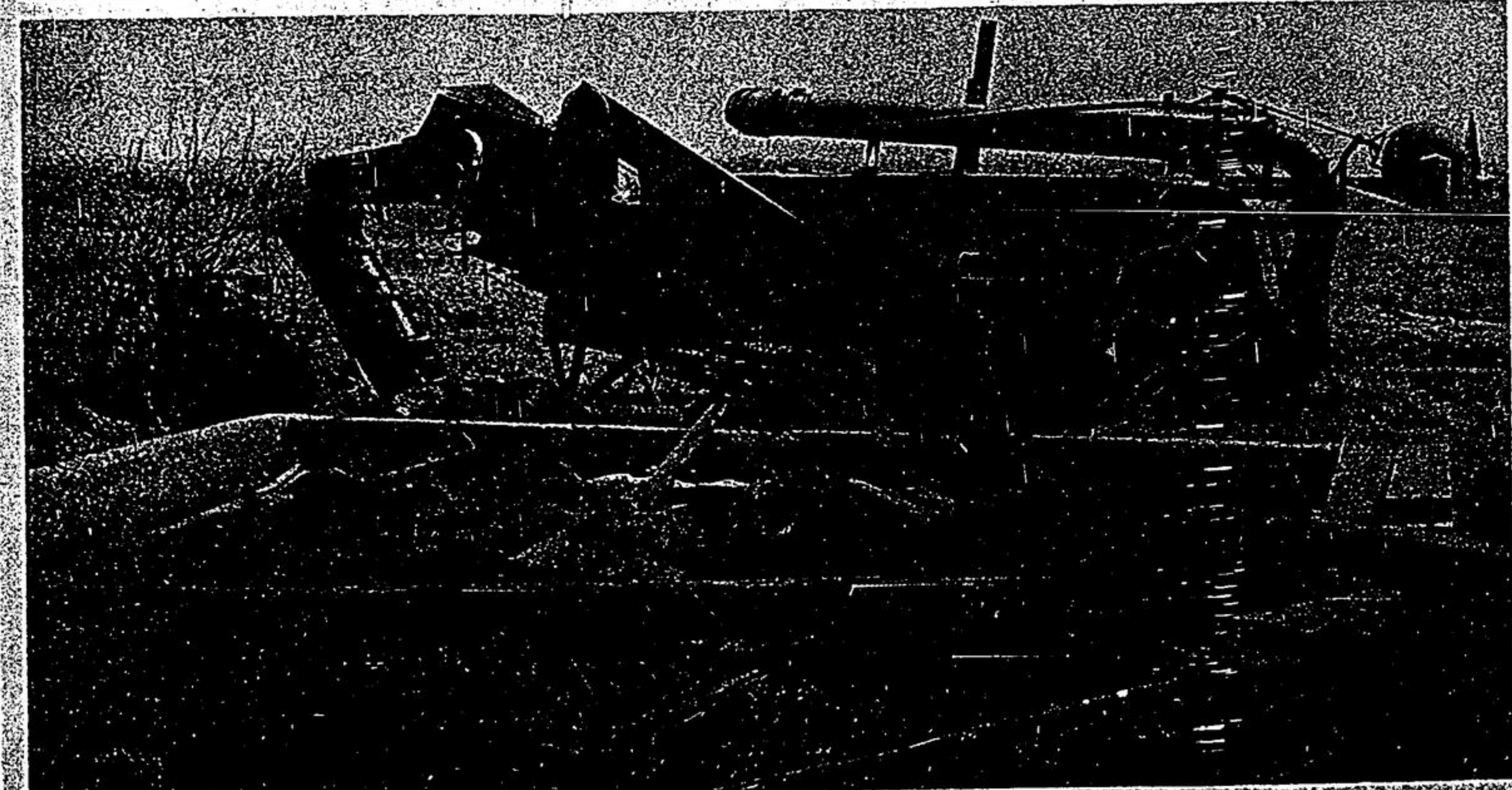
"It's that new 'blankety-blank' detergent," I told him huffily.

Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible

You know what I was like when I followed the Jewish religion — how I went after the Christians mercilessly, hunting them down and doing my best to get rid of them all. I was one of the most religious Jews, and tried as hard as I possibly could to follow all the rules of my religion. But then something happened! For even before I was born God had chosen me to be his, and called me to reveal his Son within me so that I could go to the Gentiles and show them the Good News about Jesus.

Galatians 1:13-16



Adventure can be found in the most unexpected places. Here things were done in former days. It is located on the road leading into the town reservoir, on the farm of Mayor Gordon Ratcliff.

— John Montgomery